

MONKEY TALE

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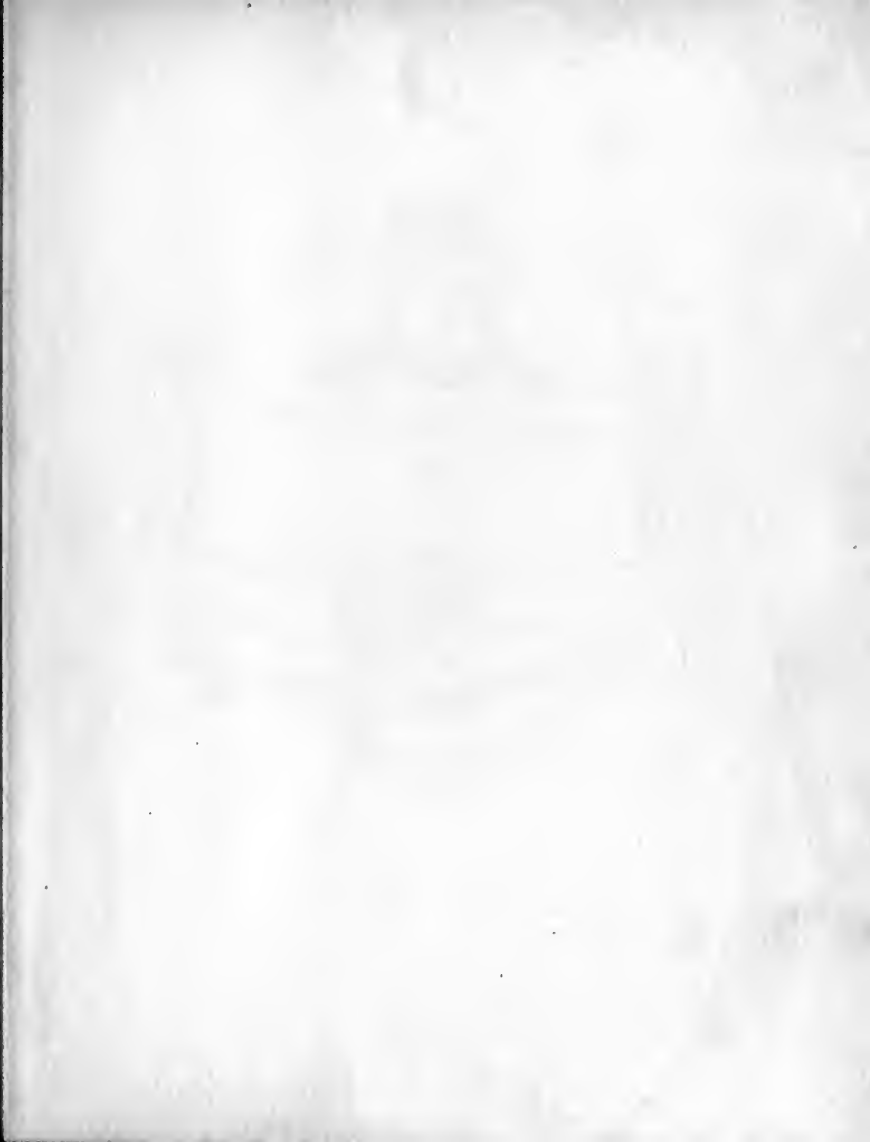
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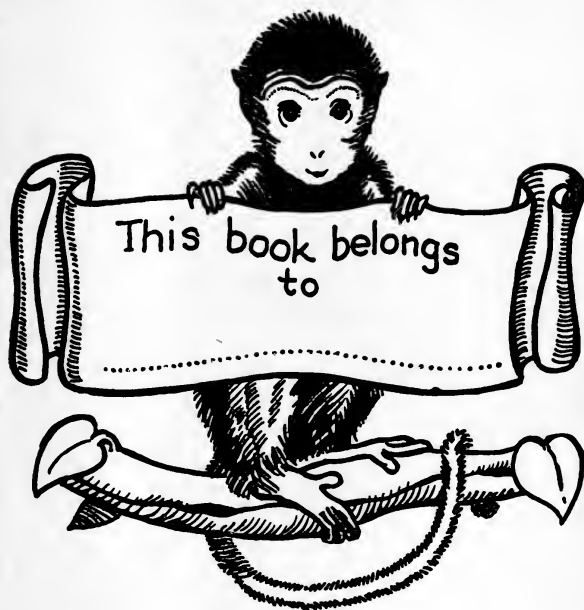


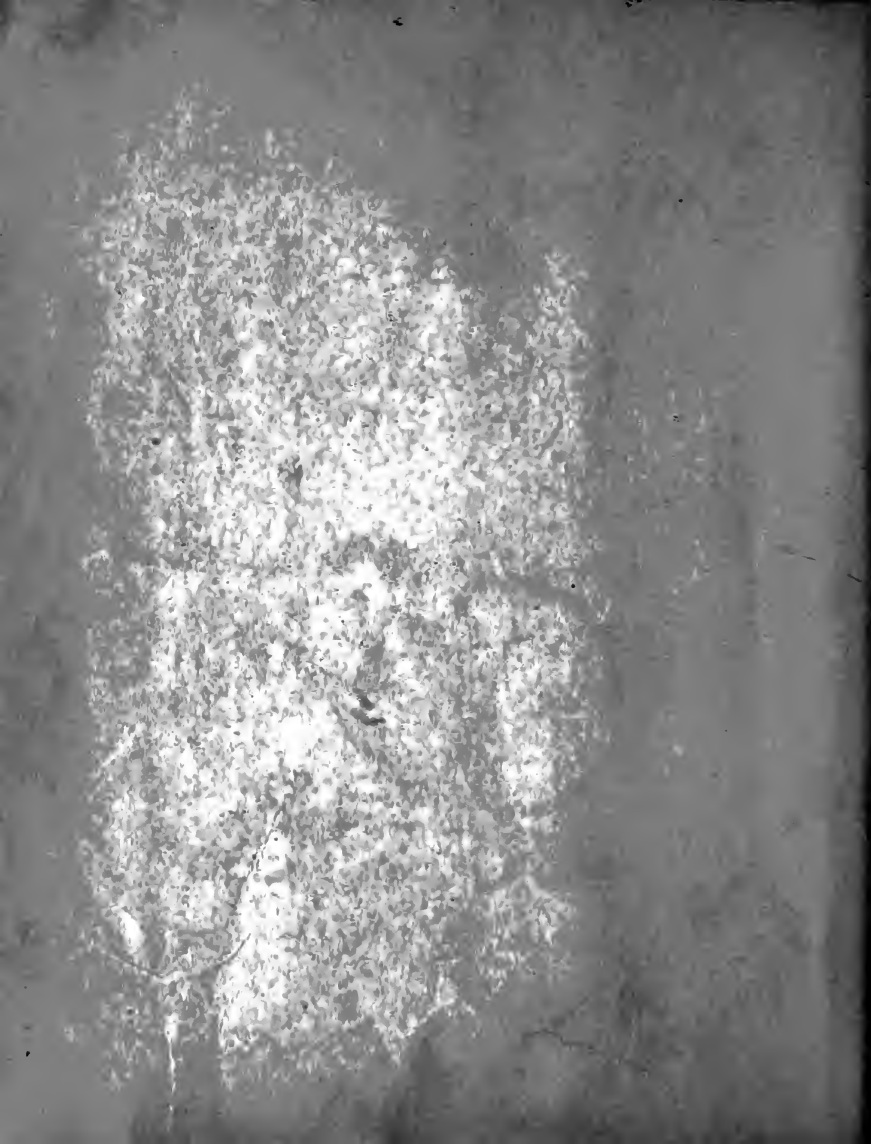
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A MONKEY TALE





A MONKEY TALE

by
Hamilton Williamson

Pictures by
Bertha and Elmer
Hader



New York
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Dedicated by the author
to little
Mary Gamble Meriwether



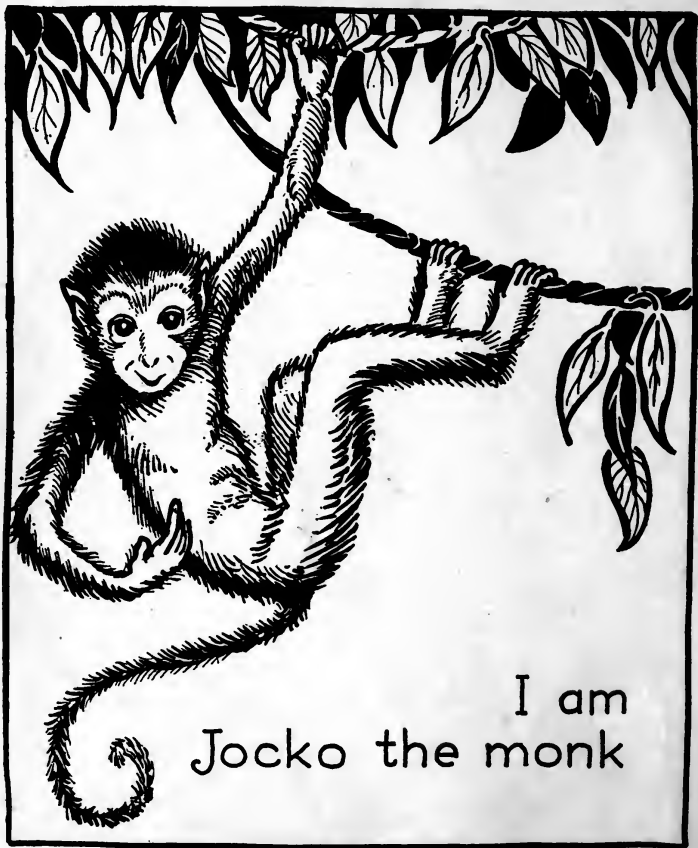
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**A
MONKEY
TALE**





I am
Jocko the monk

I make my bow to you.
I wave my tail and
I screech.



The very first thing I
remember my mother
saying to me was:
"Be a good boy, Jocko,
and always screech,"





and I told her I would--

that I'd screech for
help when I needed it,
and screech to warn
the jungle people-----





when danger was about.

The jungle is a warm,
damp place, full of
tall trees jammed
together





and vines growing
over everything.

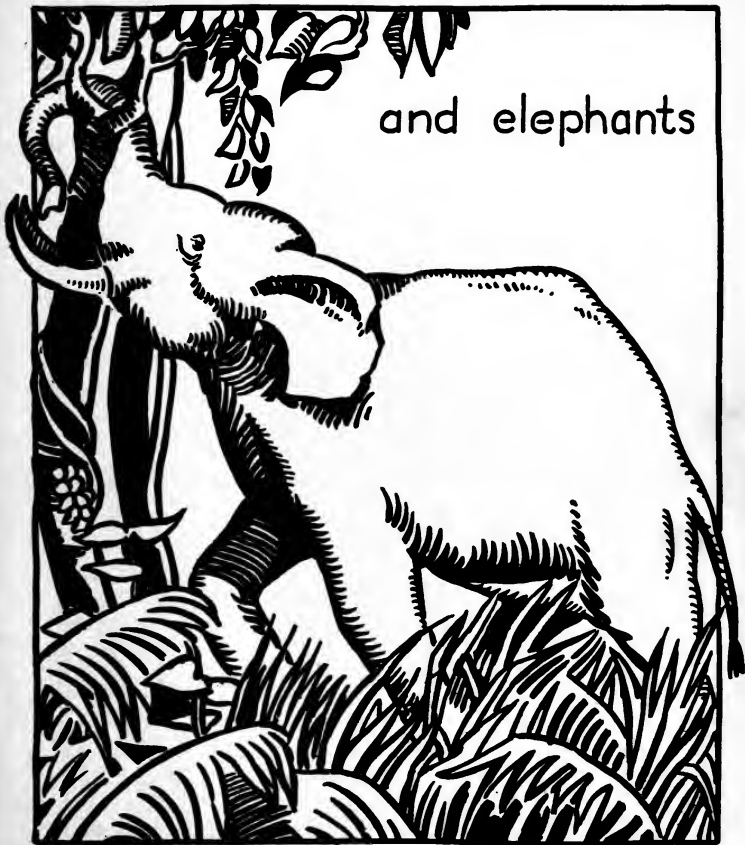
Lions
and



tigers



and elephants

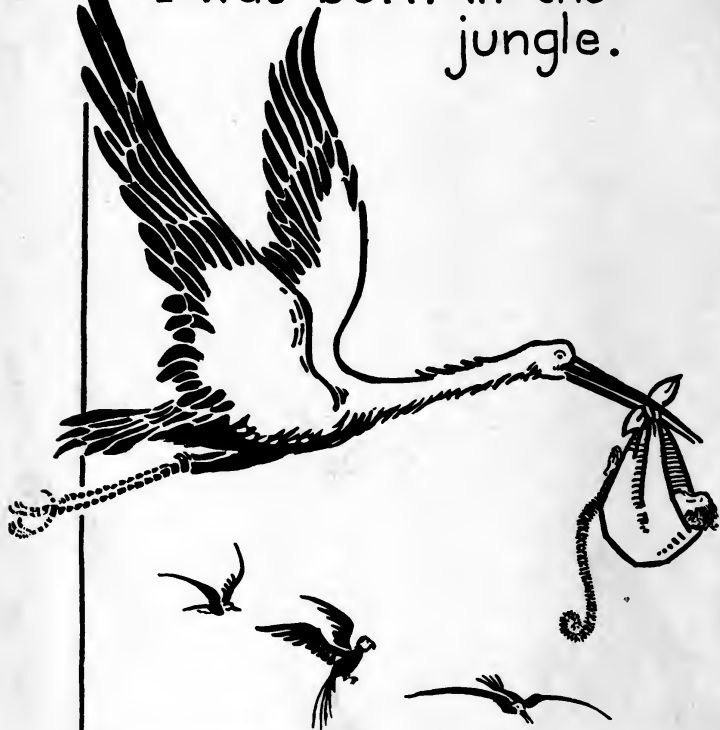


and
peacocks
and —





I was born in the
jungle.





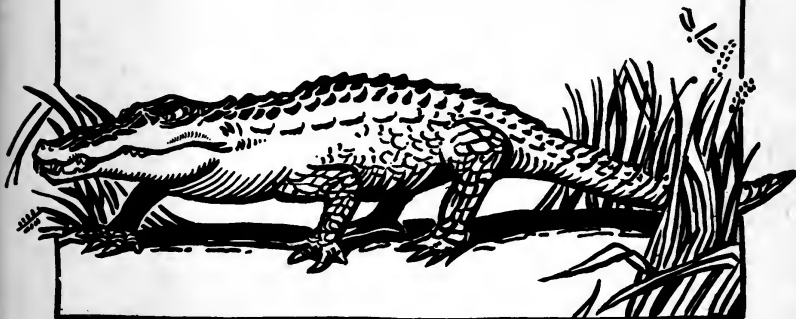
I love it.

Did I say there were
crocodiles there ?





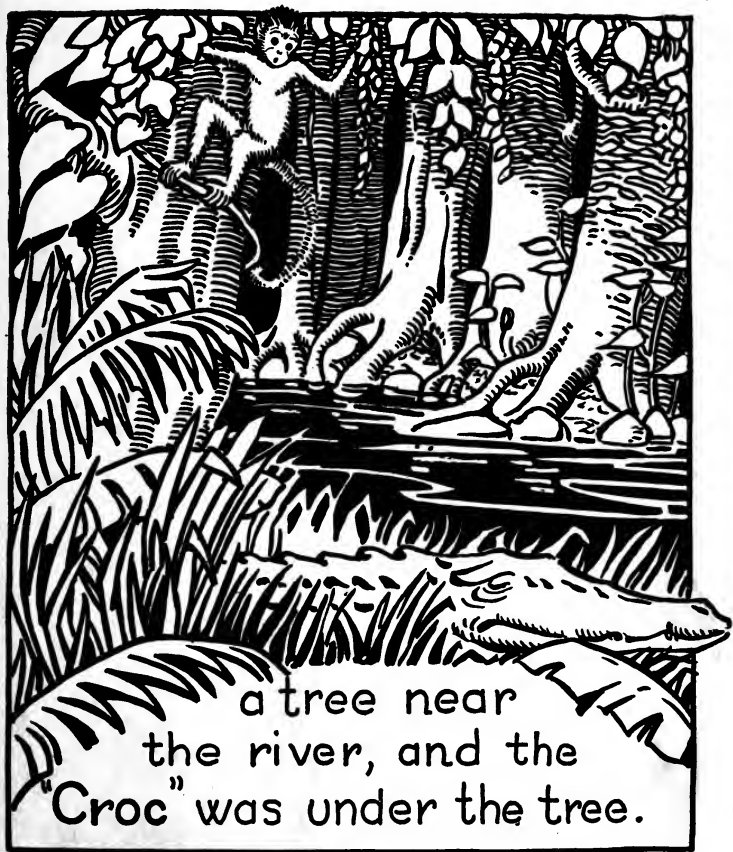
THERE ARE.



I'll never forget the
first time I saw a
great big **Crocodile.**

I was in

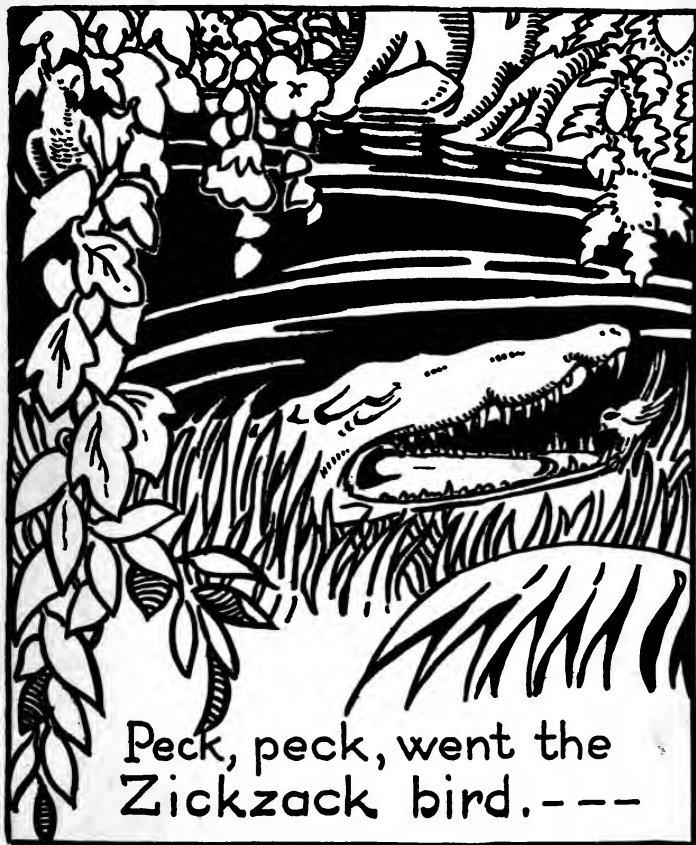




a tree near
the river, and the
"Croc" was under the tree.

Because a little bird
was picking his
teeth!!!!





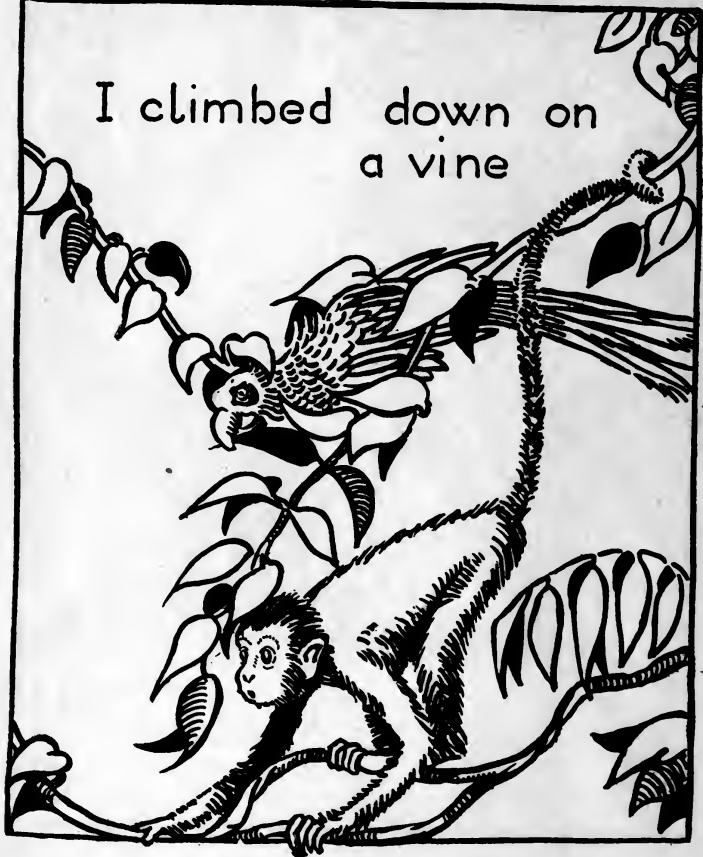
It was the only
tooth-brush the old
"croc" had.

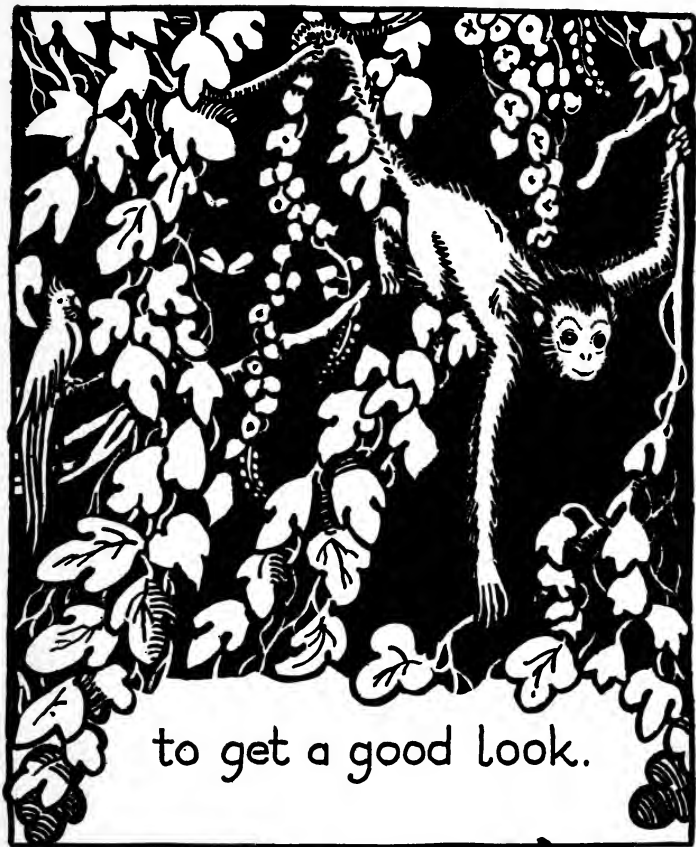


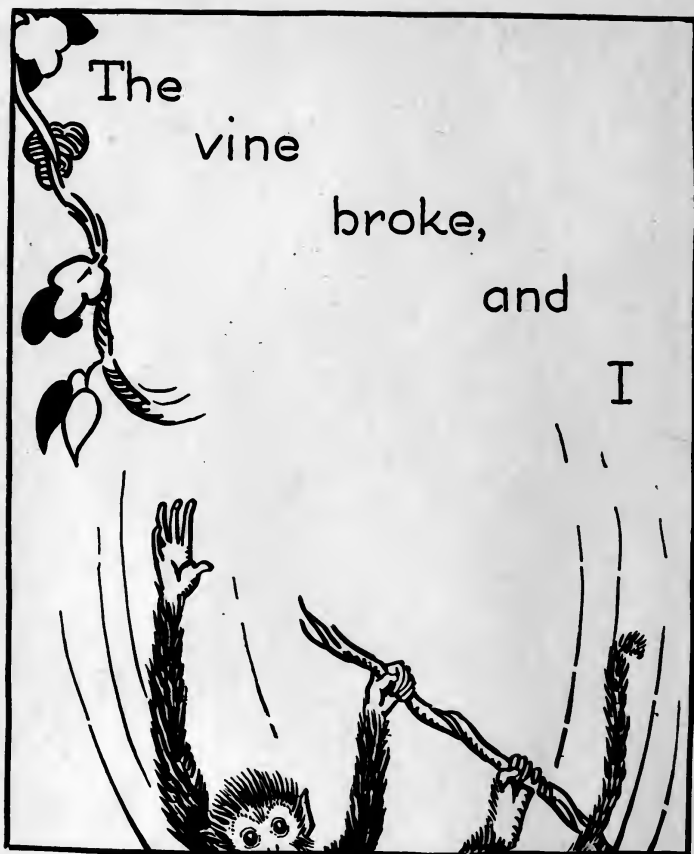
I got so excited,



I climbed down on
a vine



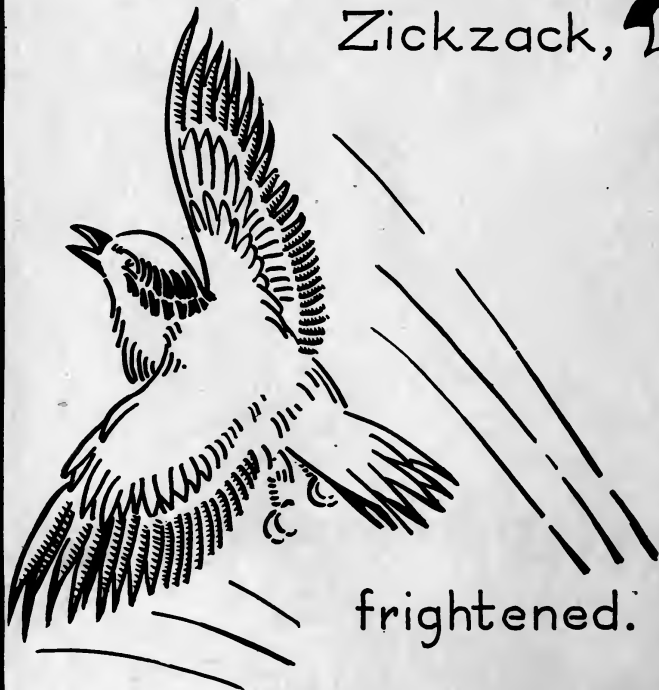






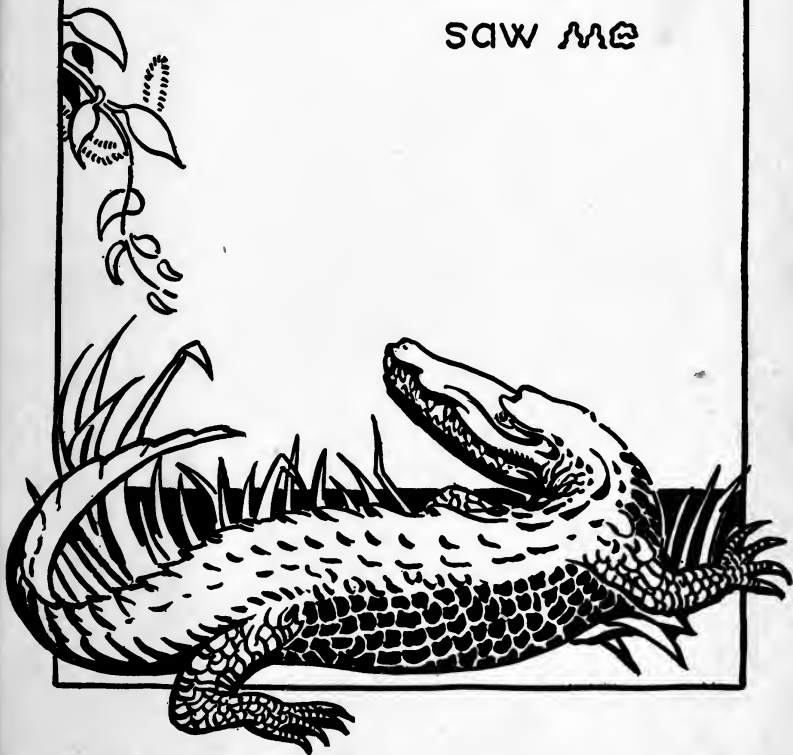
took a spill.

Away flew the
Zickzack,



frightened.

The horrible old "croc"
turned round and
saw me







He almost got me!

Then I screeched,



and scrambled up.

Just
in
time.

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The crocodile gave an
awful,
angry

bellow
and





slipped into
the river.









